

Our Dumb Animals.

"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE WHO

CANNOT SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES."



"I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm."—[Cowper.]

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Our Dumb Animals.

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[For Our Dumb Animals.]

A GRATEFUL TRIBUTE FROM A SUNDAY SCHOOL.

MY DEAR MR. EDITOR:—I do not know to whom
we are indebted for the generous package of your
sweet-toned and admirable little paper, sent us the
past year. All I know is that it has come gratuitously,
as the rain and sunshine, and I suspect that
through whatever channel of human love it may have
flowed, the great All-Father of rain and sunshine,
and all else that is rich and warming on this earth,
had something to do with it. We thank Him first,
and next, the friendly heart of hearts, moved by his
spirit to send the little messenger of love to our Sunday
school. We enjoy it much. Its monthly visits
are most welcome; it preaches love; it awakens love;
it is a good angel. The music of human kindness is
in its voice, and the very rustle of its wings whispers
of mercy.

The other Sunday I had a talk with the children
about the paper, and it would have done your heart
good to see the little hands go up when I proposed a
vote of thanks to—somebody—who has so kindly sent
it to us.

The little gems of thought selected from it for recitation
at our Sunday school concerts indicate, not
only how attentively it is read, but the way in which
a noble or kindly sentiment, impressed on a child's
heart, may be shed forth like a beam of sunshine to
warm other hearts for deeds of love.

We are accustomed to have a motto committed to

memory every Sunday. Two or three, of late, have
been selected from your paper. The last was your
own golden motto from Cowper:—

"I would not enter on my list of friends," etc.

It furnished a good opportunity for saying a word as
to why a man with no tenderness for dumb creatures
would not make a desirable friend. At our last concert
one little girl recited the sweet stanza in your
February issue,—

"A smile is but a little thing
To the happy giver.
Yet full oft it leaves a calm
On life's boisterous river.
Gentle words are never lost,
How'er small their seeming;
Sunny rays of love are they,
O'er our pathway gleaming."

This is the way we use your paper. Should we
ever grow rich and not remember you, call us ungrateful.
In the meantime, while the lambs' wool of
our flock is very short, unfit for the shears, and good
for nothing but to grow, we fondly hope that from the
over-warm and too affluent fleeces of richer flocks,
enough will come into your treasury to enable you to
continue to issue the ever-welcome paper. And as it
seems to be a law of the mind, and the heart too, that
the more it gets of a good thing the more it wants,
we venture the hope that through the continual kindness
of our friends we may receive at least one hundred
copies, so that we can put one into every family
represented in our Sunday school.

We wish you a hearty God-speed in your good
work. We have long taught that the love of God, to
be genuine, must be linked with the love of man.
The time has come for adding another link to the
golden chain,—the love of all God's creatures.

Yours gratefully,

W. P. TILDEN,

Pastor of New South Free Church.

BOSTON.

I came very near hugging a horse the other day on
Clark Street. He was attached to a buggy and standing
near the sidewalk. In front of him was a cart
laden with flowers, into which this horse would bury
his head, sniffing the odors without injuring a plant
or disturbing a petal. And, as I stopped and said to
the horse "Good morning, my dear fellow; I wish
you had a human soul in you, so that we could talk
to each other," I wondered if he and the flowers did
not talk together in their own sort of way. I would
trust that dumb brute where I wouldn't trust a man
who is not fond of flowers."

[From the California Teacher.]

HUMANE EDUCATION.

I propose to speak briefly of a branch of education
unknown to our public schools, yet it seems to me of
such transcendent importance as to underlie all others.
I mean the subject of Humane Education.

Every observer of children, indeed every teacher,
must have noticed that the manifestation of a cruel
disposition crops out very early. It begins with pulling
off the wings of flies and teasing the lower animals.
It impels the young urchin to look about him for a
stone whenever he hears a lone bird singing on a
twig, or sees a poor wandering pig by the wayside.
It would, perhaps, be not easy to define very philosophically,
or with anything like psychological accuracy, how it is
that children so often act with cruelty to the world of
life around them. The poor crushed fly, the wretched
pelted kitten, the tortured toad with stomach filled with
shot, the poor turtle either lying helpless on his back,
or carrying upon it our memories as instances of this
cruel, unthinking wantonness, this early and miserable
misuse of our mysteriously given lordship over the
creatures around us. These things, however, account
for them as we may, exist, and most certainly lead on
to cruelty more or less deliberate in after life. For
cruelty in the child, if unchecked, will most certainly
lead to baneful results in the man.

Now, few things can be taught more easily, or
learned more readily, than tenderness and mercy to
the animal world, if the teaching begins early enough,
and is conducted in the right way. Give the child
an insight into the habits and useful characteristics of
some of the animals most immediately at the mercy
of childish cruelty. Bring out the conception of each
poor fluttering or crawling thing being an individual,
having its own individual sufferings; and often showing
its own pity-moving apprehensions; encourage the
larger boys in our schools to write essays about kindness
to animals; let the intellectual and humane be combined;
have prizes for humanity as well as scholarship.

Were I to write a school-book for the young, I
would place most prominently upon one of its pages
Sterne's words to the fly, which we all read in our
youth, and have often recurred to since: "Go poor insect;
get thee gone! Why should I hurt thee? This world
is surely wide enough to hold both thee and me."
T. H. ROSE.

"Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?
Draw near them then in being merciful."

SELLING AN OLD FAMILY HORSE.

My name is Tozer—the Rev. Thomas Tozer, M. A., of Stogglesby Rectory, Lincolnshire—Mrs. Tozer being my wife.

"My dear," I said, "humanity is humanity, but incomes are incomes; and though the former says no, the latter says yes. I cannot afford to turn the paddock into a hospital for decayed horses. This lameness decides it; and old Prince must go."

"But where shall you sell him?"

"Well, I shall not sell him at all; Mr. Tomson will do that for me at Horsecastle Fair to-morrow. I am going to drive him over. I dare say Prince can hobble that distance."

"And what do you suppose you will get for him?" said Mrs. Tozer.

"Oh, not more than ten pounds," I replied.

"Dear, dear! what a shame it seems to part with poor old Prince for ten pounds!"

"My love," I said decisively, in that tone which always closes a discussion, "it is not the ten pounds, but the cost of keeping the old horse. If you like to do without our having another, well and good. Stout walking-boots suffice for me in the winter."

But Mrs. Tozer seemed to think that it would be a pity to let our four-wheeled chaise grow mouldy in the coach-house; and the consequence was that the next morning at eleven o'clock I was driving my church-warden, Farmer Tomson, over the half-dozen miles that intervened between Stogglesby and the world-famed horse fair; but very slowly, for Prince's limp in what horsey people call "the off fore-leg" was rather marked.

"Well, well," said Farmer Tomson, "don't get took in, for they're a rough lot down here at fair time."

"That's precisely why I want you to sell Prince for me. I know they would get him from me, and then there would be some difficulty about payment; and, as a clergyman, I don't want to be mixed up with any unpleasantness. And besides, you see, the class of men who go about buying lame horses are not those with whom I care to have dealings."

"All right, parson, all right," said Tomson; "only don't blame me if I don't get enough for him. I promise you, though, that I'll bring back the ready cash."

"Do your best, Tomson, do your best, and I shall not complain," I said, for I had implicit confidence in him.

We reached the head inn; I brought out a halter, and Mr. Tomson led off poor old Prince, the chaise and harness being left in charge of the hostler.

As the old horse was led off he seemed to give me a mournful look, as though he would have said, "Do you turn your back like this upon your old friends?" And then he went limping out of the yard, whisking his gray tail about in a melancholy manner; and I thought of the many times those white stockings had gone over the road with our modest conveyance; never too fast, never taking fright, never shying and never being inserted in fierce kicks through the splash-board.

[And the Rev. Thomas Tozer, like many other good men, did wrong thus to sell an old, faithful, family servant.—ED.]

Breaking the Ice.

As I was walking out one frosty morning with a large Newfoundland dog, I observed the animal's repeated disappointment on putting his head down to drink at sundry ice-covered pools. After one of these disappointments, I broke the ice with my foot for my thirsty companion. The next time Tiger was thirsty, he did not wait for me to 'break the ice,' but with his foot, or, if too strong, by jumping upon it, he obtained water for himself.

Here seems to be the manifestation of a desire to learn from observation.—Rev. J. C. Atkinson.

A little girl, delighted at the singing of the bobolink earnestly asked her mother: "What makes him sing so sweet?—does he eat flowers?"

"He that studies books alone will know how things ought to be; and he that studies men will know how things are."

LOOKING FOR PEARLS.

AN ORIENTAL LEGEND.

The Master came one evening to the gate Of a far city—it was growing late, And sending his disciples to buy food, He wandered forth intent on doing good As was his wont. And in the market-place He saw a crowd, close gathered in one space, Gazing with eager eyes upon the ground. Jesus drew nearer, and thereon he found A noisome creature, a bedraggled wreck,— A dead dog with a halter round his neck. And those who stood by mocked the object there, And one said, scoffing, "It pollutes the air!" Another, jeering, asked, "How long to-night Shall such a miscreant cur offend our sight?" "Look at his torn hide," sneered a Jewish wit, "You could not cut even a shoe from it." And turned away. "Behold his ears that bleed," A fourth chimed in, "an unclean wretch indeed!" "He hath been hanged for thieving," they all cried, And spurned the loathsome beast from side to side. Then Jesus, standing by them in the street, Looked on the poor spent creature at his feet, And, bending o'er him, spake unto the men: "Pearls are not whiter than his teeth." And then The people at each other gazed, asking, "Who is this stranger pitying the vile thing?" Then one exclaimed, with awe-abated breath, "This surely is the Man of Nazareth; This must be Jesus, for none else but he Something to praise in a dead dog could see!" And, being ashamed, each scowler bowed his head, And from the sight of Jesus turned and fled.

—Atlantic Monthly.

COMMODORE SCUDDER'S STORY.

I went out hunting partridges one day, and took the dog along. We hadn't much luck at first, but after a while Buster—that was the dog's name—stood and pointed at a covey of the finest birds I ever saw in all my born days. They were squatting down in the low grass, a dozen yards off, in plain sight, and I determined to fire at them as they lay. I lifted my gun, took deliberate aim, and would have killed a dozen at least; but before I could pull the trigger a courier dashed up with a despatch which he said required immediate attention.

"I reserved my fire and read the despatch. It was an order from the Navy Department to proceed, without a moment's delay, to Philadelphia, to take command of a squadron which was about to sail to the Mediterranean. I was so much excited, you understand, that I laid down my gun right on the spot, and went off, leaving Buster there pointing at those birds like they were North Stars and he was a mariner's compass, so to speak. I forgot all about him, but he was a faithful dog, Buster was—and, like Casabianca, he wouldn't have left even a burning ship without my orders."

"Well, I went to the Mediterranean, and cruised around for three years, having a first-rate time. When I returned, at the end of the cruise, it occurred to me, as I stepped ashore in Philadelphia, to go and see how things were at the place where I went gunning. John and I went—and the first thing I came across was my gun, lying there with the barrel covered with rust and broken clean off the rotten stock. But what was my surprise, upon going a few paces further, to find the skeleton of that heroic, double-nosed pointer, standing up just where I had left the dog three years before! He had never budged an inch, that double-nosed pointer hadn't; but he had stood there and pointed at those birds, until he had perished in his tracks! Well, sir, after shedding a tear over my departed friend, I went a few yards ahead, and—there was the skeletons of those partridges! I regard this as the most extraordinary circumstance that ever came under my observation; but if any man presumes to doubt my word, I'll shoot him on the spot—I will, by George!"

It was queer, that story of Scudder's about his dog, but it would hardly be safe to say what I think about it.—Exchange.

CHRISTOPHER LUDI, of Muscatine, Iowa, has a wonderful dog. Ludi is a baker, and his dog is his policeman. He missed money from his drawer. He threatened to blow his dog's head off for letting him be robbed. Thereupon the dog pulled him, led him to a mouse-nest in the corner, where Ludi found his greenbacks.

A FRIEND NOT A FIEND.

"Convince a horse that you are his friend and he will gladly do anything for you that he knows how to do," was the substance of Mr. Rarey's teachings, and I have had many opportunities of testing its value and correctness. Good feed and good fences are said to be the best safeguards against breachy cattle, but as regards my own cattle I attach infinitely more value to the former than to the latter, and both are powerless unless accompanied by such management as will tend to make the animals quiet and contented with their lot.

Some of my own fences are quite insufficient to confine them, if they were disposed to stray, and I can only account for the singularly good behavior of my horses on the supposition that they feel no temptation to act in opposition to the will of one who is uniformly kind to them.

When I go through the pasture I frequently carry a few crusts of bread, an ear of corn, or some lumps of salt or sugar, and by distributing these and a few caresses I cultivate such an acquaintance with my proteges that I can catch, examine, or dress any of them without provoking either fear or resistance, and I have also the satisfaction of believing that I am regarded with affection and confidence by the noble brutes whom Providence has placed under my protection.

I have often been asked if I do not feel afraid to thread my way among a dozen romping, frolicking horses? Not often; long habit has made me measurably insensible to fear, but I do feel a grateful, awful respect for the generous forbearance, the innate benevolence, the sublime unconsciousness of their own strength, to which I owe my security as well as my power to control.

And yet there are men who treat the horse as if he were a malignant fiend, ever seeking to gratify his destructive impulses and only restrained by their—the men's—superior strength and agility.—Selected

GREYFRIARS' BOBBY.

A Scotch terrier, for several years past has slept every night on the grave of his master in the Old Greyfriars' churchyard, Edinburgh. The kind-hearted curator has often tried on cold and wet nights to keep the faithful creature within doors, but with dismal howling he has pleaded for liberty to rest on his favorite bed. A weekly treat of steaks was long allowed Bobby by Sergeant Scott, a generous member of the Artillery Corps. When the mid-day gun is fired at the Castle, the dog punctually starts for the restaurant of Mr. John Trail of 6 Greyfriars' Place, who for the last six years has kindly given him a good dinner. Bobby, however, never thinks of going to Mr. Trail's on the Sunday, as the premises are closed, but the sagacious creature saves a portion of his Friday's and Saturday's dinner for that day. Bobby has his pantry for this purpose, beneath an old tombstone near to his master's grave. The collector who summoned Mr. Trail for payment of the dog-tax, on the ground that he "harbored" poor Bobby, has raised up a host of friends, who have not only volunteered to pay the tax, and thus save the faithful animal from being "put out of the way," but who will take care that his daily wants are well supplied.—English Paper.

OCCUPATION.

What a glorious thing it is for the human heart. Those who work hard seldom yield to fancied or real sorrow. When grief sits down, folds its hands, and mournfully feeds upon its own tears, weeping the dim shadows that a little exertion might sweep away into a funeral pall, the strong spirit is shorn of its might, and sorrow becomes our master. When troubles flow upon you dark and heavy, toil not with the waves, and wrestle not with the torrent; rather seek by occupation to divert the dark waters that threaten to overwhelm you with a thousand channels, which the duties of life always present. Before you dream of it, those waters will fertilize the present and give birth to fresh flowers, that will become pure and holy in the sunshine which penetrates to the path of duty in spite of every obstacle.

Lost Child.

Once a Scotch shepherd was tending sheep on the Grampian hills. His faithful dog and his little boy three years old were with him. The little fellow could not climb the steep hill, so his father left him on the plain, gathering flowers and berries, while he went high up on the jagged rocks to overlook his flocks. Suddenly a very heavy fog came up. The shepherd hastened to seek his child, but the mist was so thick he could not find him. In vain he called and whistled; neither the child nor the dog made answer. The poor man got lost also, and at last, after wandering for hours, he found himself near his own home. The neighbors listened to his story, and eagerly went with him in search of his child. Day after day they scoured the country in every direction, but the poor little fellow could not be found. Then the distracted father began to ask questions about the dog. Where was he? Had he been home at all while they were out on their hopeless search? Yes, he had run into the house two or three times a day, just to get his regular allowance of cake, and after he had taken a little bite he had ran away with it in his mouth. This he had been doing for several days, but the poor heart-broken mother had been in too much trouble to mention it. As soon as the shepherd heard this, he waited for the dog to come. The faithful fellow came at last slowly and painfully, as if he had hardly strength to walk; but he could not eat more than a little piece of his cake, and went off bearing it in his mouth. The father followed him. At last he came to a fall of water a short distance from where the child was lost, and from this place he began to go down a hill, that was so steep and full of rocks that the strong man could not get down without great difficulty. Once down, the dog turned and went into a cave hidden in the bushes. With a beating heart, the father hastened to the spot, and, looking in, he saw his little son sitting there eating heartily of the cake, while the dog stood by barking with joy. How the little fellow got down there, no one ever knew; but he was found alive and well. The dog, who had never left him night or day, except to run home to get him a cake, had saved him from starving. We may believe that the noble animal was well fed and nursed that night, and that grateful prayers were sent up to Heaven from the shepherd's cottage.—*Hearth and Home.*

SUICIDE OF A DOG.

I was walking by the banks of the Loire, when I perceived a dog, something of a setter, trotting up and down by the water's edge. He went and came with uneven steps, sometimes hastening his movements, sometimes stopping short, as if he were pondering some weighty matter. His proceedings roused my curiosity, and, concealing myself behind some young trees, I determined to watch him. The dog, who was old, thin, and to a certain extent deprived of the use of his hind legs, went on in the same manner for more than a quarter of an hour; then approaching the edge of the river bank, at a steep place, he sat down and looked sadly at the water. Presently, having finally resolved on his course, he raised himself on his poor paralyzed paws, made a spring, and threw himself into the Loire. I ran to the place from whence he fell, and saw him carried off by the stream, without making the slightest resistance. As he came near the bank, I called him gently, and held out my cane that he might take hold of it. He made no sign. I tied my handkerchief to the end of my cane and threw it to him: he turned his head away sadly and drifted off. I lost sight of him at the end of a few minutes. He must, no doubt, have sunk. Feeling persuaded that this unfortunate dog had actually chosen death by a deliberate act of his will, I mentioned the circumstance to several persons, and inquiries were made which elicited the fact that the poor animal had belonged to a gardener, who, seeing him infirm and useless, had pitilessly driven him from his home. He had wandered for a whole month in the fields and about the farms, receiving more blows than crusts, till he preferred a violent death to his miserable existence.—*Corr. Pall Mall Gazette.*

THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

[The following is described by a friend, who sends it to us as "one of the most remarkable productions in our language. The solemn and impressive character of the theme is fully sustained in the imaginative and descriptive grandeur of the language which paints the picture. It was first published in the "Dublin University Magazine," several years ago; but the author has never been publicly known.]

"And he buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Bethpeor, but no man knoweth his sepulchre unto this day."—*Deut. xxxiv. 6.*

By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave;
And no man dug that sepulchre,
And no man saw it e'er;
For the angel of God upturned the sod
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth;
But no man heard the trampling
Or saw the train go forth.
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes when the night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun;—

Noiselessly as the spring-time
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves,—
So, without sound of music
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain crown
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle
On gray Bethpeor's height,
Out of his rocky eyry
Looked on the wondrous sight.
Perchance the lion stalking
Still shuns that hallowed spot,
For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

But when the warrior dieth,
His comrades in the war
With arms reversed and muffled drum
Follow the funeral car.
They show the banners taken,
They tell his battles won,
And after him lead his masterless steed,
While peals the minute gun.

Amid the noblest of the land
Men lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honored place
With costly marble dressed:
In the great minster transept,
Where lights like glories fall,
And the choir sings and the organ rings,
Along the emblazoned wall.

This was the bravest warrior
That ever buckled sword;
This the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word;
And never earth's philosopher
Traced with his golden pen,
On the deathless page truths half so sage
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor,
The hillside for his pall;
To lie in state while angels wait
With stars for tapers tall;
And the dark rock pines, like tossing plumes,
Over his bier to wave;
And God's own hand, in that lonely land,
To lay him in the grave.

In that deep grave, without a name,
Whence his uncoffined clay
Shall break again—most wondrous thought—
Before the judgment day,
And stand with glory wrapped around,
On the hills he never trod,
And speak of strife that won our life
With the incarnate Son of God.

O lonely tomb in Moab's land,
O dark Bethpeor's hill,
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still.
God hath his mysteries of grace—
Ways that we cannot tell;
He hides them deep, like the secret sleep
Of him he loved so well.

WOUNDED HORSES IN BATTLE.

Several of the newspaper correspondents following the contending armies appear to have been particularly struck by the sufferings of the poor horses left wounded on the field, and seem to have been even more affected at their sad plight, than at the ghastly condition of the stricken-down combatants. And, to say the truth, apart from professional sympathies, I have frequently experienced a far deeper sense of the horrors of war from seeing the maimed and hacked horses remaining after a fight, and observing their movements, than I did from a survey of the dead and wounded soldiers lying thickly on the ground. Amid the heart-rending sights and sounds that everywhere appal the eye and ear, nothing perhaps could intensify the sensation of horror one is involuntarily subjected to than the presence of horses struggling to rise, or limping painfully about, sad and sick-looking, riddled by bullet, or torn by fragments of shell. The doleful cries of the wounded men for assistance scarcely appeal more touchingly to the heart than do the attitude and aspect of the horses. The hapless creatures, denied speech, yet betray in their every look and movement, and even by their neighing, groans and screams, how intense is their suffering, and how much they also need sympathy and assistance.

The talented correspondent of *The Times*, the late Colonel Pemberton, writing from before Metz says:—

"Only those who have seen a battle-field can form a notion of the extraordinary way in which the horses, as long as they have a leg to crawl on, will follow the regiment to which they belong. I saw what had evidently been sergeants' horses keeping their position in rear of their squadron, wheeling with it, and halting exactly as if their riders were on their backs, and all the time streaming with blood. Poor creatures! they are indeed to be pitied, for they have neither Vaterland, promotion, nor the coveted medal to think of, whatever may be the issue; and few indeed are there which have been in action which have not some honorable scars to show."—*Corr. Animal World.*

WHAT DO WE EAT?—I venture to declare that not one person out of five thousand pauses to reflect on the probable health and general physical condition at the time of the death of the animal he is about to dine on. Were he to do so, or, what is still better, were he to journey to the West as far as Chicago, and after observing the great cattle-yards there and the manner of treating the helpless brute, then take passage back to this city on a cattle train and note the accumulating tortures heaped upon these unoffending prisoners,—were he to do this, I say, I hazard little in affirming that his appetite for such kinds of animal food would receive a shock not to be forgotten for the remainder of his days. From the confines of Texas even to the wharves of the metropolis are these creatures, the offspring like ourselves, of Omnipotent Power, doomed to endure on foot the ceaseless motion of the train, deprived of food and water for days, and exposed to the blazing rays of the summer sun and the freezing blasts of the winter's wind.—*Bergh.*

A HORSE is never vicious or intractable without a direct cause. If a horse is restive or timorous, you may be sure that these faults arise from defects in his education. He has been treated either awkwardly or brutally. Commence the education of the horse at his birth; accustom him to the presence, voice and sight of man; speak and act gently; caress him, and do not startle him. All chastisement or cruelty confuses the animal, and makes him wild. They are good men who make good horses.

SILENCE.—"Oh, the matchless power of silence! There are words that concentrate in themselves the glory of a life-time;—but there is a silence that is more precious than they. Speech ripples over the surface of life, but silence sinks into its depths. Airy pleasantness bubbles up in airy, pleasant words. Weak sorrows quaver out their shallow being and are not. When the heart is cleft to its core, there is no speech nor language."

Our Dumb Animals.

Boston, April, 1871.

ANNUAL MEETING.

The Third Annual Meeting of our Society was held at the Rooms of the Society, on the 28th ult., President Angell in the chair. The following Board of Directors was unanimously elected:—

GEO. T. ANGELL.	MRS. WM. APPLETON.
RUSSELL STURGIS, JR.	In place of Wm. Appleton declined.
GEO. TYLER BIGELOW.	JOSEPH B. GLOVER.
W. W. MORLAND.	HENRY H. PETERS.
D. D. SLADE.	JOHN J. MAY.
GEO. NOYES.	HENRY S. RUSSELL.
THOMAS CONERY.	SAMUEL HAMMOND.
FRANKLIN EVANS.	FRANK B. FAY.
WM. G. WELD.	

The report of the Treasurer, Henry Saltonstall, Esq., was read, showing no funds in his hands. It was explained that but for recent collections for memberships and subscribers in advance for the coming year, the treasury would be largely in debt, and that immediate measures must be taken to raise money to sustain the Society until the Fair.

The Secretary then made his annual report, the principal part of which we publish in another part of this paper.

The Constitution provides that all other officers shall be elected by the Directors. They made choice as follows:—

President—GEO. T. ANGELL.

Treasurer—HENRY SALTONSTALL.

Secretary—FRANK B. FAY.

And one hundred Vice-Presidents, whose names appear on another page.

Two of our Vice-Presidents, Hon. Asahel Huntington and Hon. Alfred R. Field, have died during the year, of which due notice was taken in previous papers.

Captain Chas. A. Currier was re-appointed Special Agent.

The propositions of the Directors to hold a public meeting during anniversary week, and to hold a fair about December 1, were approved.

OUR NATIONAL LAW.—As we feared, the bill before Congress perished among the "unfinished business" on the table of the Senate, on the last day of the session. We are confident it would have passed if it had been reached. We must now wait till December for further action.

OUR FAIR.—We receive constant encouragement about this enterprise. Soon after the close of the French Fair we will invite ladies to meet and choose the necessary committees.

MORE SUBSCRIBERS WANTED.—We send this paper to many persons not now subscribers, hoping they will send us their names and money. Our list needs to be doubled to make the paper self-supporting. Every friend to animals can afford one dollar for their protection!

CLUB PRICES.—For Sunday schools or other organizations, one hundred copies for fifty dollars.

LIST OF MEMBERS AND SUBSCRIBERS.—We propose to publish in our next paper a complete list of all who appear as members, subscribers or donors of our society on the 1st of May. This will enable friends in the various localities to know who have kindred sympathies, and may result in increasing the list of all classes of our supporters.

BACK NUMBERS.—We can always supply back numbers, and subscribers or members failing to receive their papers, will please notify us at once.

BOUND VOLUMES.—After the issue of the May number we shall have the three volumes bound in one, to be sold at two dollars.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS.—We invite friends to read the letter of Rev. Mr. Tilden in another column, in favor of our paper.

VARIETY.

Our paper is small and compels us each month to omit more matter than we publish. Being the only paper of its kind in the United States, we seek to partially meet the needs of a variety of tastes and to promote the progress of various branches of our cause.

One friend says, "I never read the cases of cruelty, I cannot bear to," while another is moved only by exciting his sympathies just in this way, and cares little about the attractive qualities of animals. Another wants us to be "more practical," to publish more useful matter for farmers, directions how to rear, break and manage horses and cattle, and how to cure their diseases.

We try to please all these in a degree.

Then we need to devote a few columns to the children.

The work and organization of kindred societies in this country and Europe must be reported, and discussions promoted upon contested questions as to slaughtering, clipping, transportation, &c., &c.

To interest persons in our paper who have no interest in the cause, we introduce some choice quotations which promote the higher sentiments, trusting that through these they may be induced to read other articles having a direct bearing upon the subject.

To do all this we spend more time in condensing long articles and culling for the sake of variety than would enable us to fill a paper of twice the size of ours. But we are glad of suggestions from all friends, and earnestly invite contributions to our columns.

NAILS IN THE STREET.—One blacksmith in this city has taken from horses' feet two hundred nails which have been trodden upon and buried in the feet of the horses, by being carelessly thrown into the street. Nails are constantly swept out of stores with the other dirt. We lately counted twenty-five nails of various sizes opposite one store on Washington Street.

If storekeepers would give directions about this, and if everybody would think about it, the usefulness of many horses would be increased, and they would be relieved from much suffering.

OUR list of 150 agents will appear in our next.

KINDRED SOCIETIES.—See list of their officers throughout the United States in other columns.

HUMANITY TO ANIMALS. — MEETING AT TAUNTON.

The meeting for inaugurating a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals, was held last evening in Cedar Street Chapel. A large number of leading citizens were present to lend aid and countenance to the project so auspiciously commenced a few years ago by Mr. Bergh, and which has been attended with remarkable success, in awakening public attention to the subject of "humanity to our dumb animals," also, in punishing the cruelties which were sometimes thoughtlessly inflicted upon the speechless sufferers by the drawing of heavy loads, of unnecessarily whipping and abusing these kind helpers of man.

The mayor presided on the occasion. The Rev. Mr. Miles, of St. John's Church, offered an appropriate prayer. Mr. Moody, Agent of the Massachusetts Society, was then introduced and made an address on the general purposes and plans of the Society. Addresses were also made by Rev. Messrs. Israel, Conger, Miles, and by Judge Fox, all favoring the worthy objects of the Parent Society and the organization of an Auxiliary Society in this community.

On motion of Rev. Mr. Israel a committee of seven was subsequently appointed, consisting of Rev. Messrs. Miles and Israel, E. H. Bennett, D. L. Mitchell, W. H. Fox, Dr. Waterman and A. J. Barker, to make all the necessary preparations for the formation of an auxiliary society. A number of our citizens became members of the State Society.—*Taunton Gazette.*

PITTSBURG, PA.

At the suggestion of the officers of the Pennsylvania societies, a meeting was held at Pittsburg to take steps to form a kindred society there. A large number of the most respectable and influential citizens were present, and several ladies and gentlemen from Philadelphia. F. R. Brunot, Esq., presided. P. E. Chase, Esq., secretary of the Pennsylvania society, and Mrs. Caroline E. White, president of the Woman's Branch, made addresses.

A committee of five ladies and five gentlemen were chosen to consider whether there should be an independent or a branch society at Pittsburg, and the meeting adjourned for two weeks.

PHILADELPHIA.—Mr. Angell will deliver an address before the Ladies' Society of Philadelphia, at their annual meeting, April 19th.

BUY only Red Veal!

Please read that part of the Secretary's report in regard to bleeding calves, and thereafter resolve never to buy white veal.

Agents, please continue your watchfulness of butchers.

WHEN?—A humane "horse man" thus writes to one of our members.

"You ask when will this abominable waste of horse life stop in our community. I answer when our community is educated up to that point that will consider honor, manhood and humanity more to be desired than the almighty dollar."

"NO NEED OF A LAW IN VERMONT!"—A fellow named Henry Buzzel, a horse-breaker by occupation, recently undertook to cure a kicking mare in the following manner: He cast her, and, with an axe, chopped her tail off within two inches of her body. He then whipped her until she was exhausted with excitement and loss of blood, and left her in a pen, without doors or windows, exposed to the wind and cold. What was done with the brutal fellow?—*Lyndon (Vt.) Union.*

This is the State where the legislature said at its last two sessions that there was no need of a law for the prevention of cruelty to animals. Ed.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[Extract from a Letter from a Lady.]

I think even the most unobserving person can hardly fail to see and feel how much good your Society has already done in elevating the standard of humanity, if I may use such an expression towards dumb animals. Even a woman can now venture to reprove a teamster for overloading or beating a poor horse, without fear of abuse from the teamster or derision from the spectators, from which, in former years, I have many a time recoiled,—not so now. * * * I think you have an excellent agent here, he so promptly, the other day, attended to the case of a poor dog, whose owner has neglected him, even to the starvation point. I called afterwards to see his wife, who said, "Oh, yes, Mr. — had the dog killed; but he spoke so kindly to my husband about it that he could not feel angry any way. I guess it's best for the poor dog too; he was old and sick." Yes, this is "moral suasion," and I believe you hardly know or realize how much has been accomplished in this cause, and by such means, in the last two years.

[Letter from a Lady.]

I should be very glad to aid in regard to the Fair, and will furnish some articles. Some one with more time to spare might serve on a committee. I wish this town would take part.

The Society is one of the best institutions in the land, and earnestly I wish it God-speed! The proofs of the great good it has already done are daily before our eyes.

Ladies, now, by a few words, can and do stop abuse of horses and oxen; and it is quite encouraging to hear, from a certain class, as we do, that "the Society is a great bother to folks!" May it bother more and more!

LETTER FROM A COUNTRY AGENT.

I find in a part of the community a hearty sanction of your society and its objects and aims. The fact of the existence of such a society, and the known presence of the agencies to enforce its provisions, go very far to prevent any violation of the law in such a manner as to warrant a prosecution.

Our butchers have almost entirely ceased bleeding calves before killing, and a marked change has been noticed in many other things, especially in the use of livery teams. Where a few years since it was no uncommon occurrence to see livery teams abused in the most shocking manner by drunken drivers, a few prosecutions have almost entirely disposed of it, or kept it out of public sight. There are many more cases which I might mention, showing the power for good and blessing your society is exerting, but they would not be new to you, and I forbear.

BOY'S REPORT.

A member of a "Boys' Society," out West, sends us the following account of a pigeon shooting match:

A pigeon shooting match took place here on the 18th of March. As you probably know, those pigeons which, when shot, do not fall inside of a certain space are delivered to the tender mercies of the miscellaneous crowd of men and boys who are always on hand at anything of this kind. To try to save some of these unfortunate creatures, myself and a fellow member were detailed by the President of our Society.

Some of the scenes we witnessed were heart-rending. One poor bird with both legs broken and dangling was allowed to fly away to suffer and die. Another, slightly hurt in the wing, fluttered into the midst of a group of boys for protection. We made every effort to save it, but the brutal crowd, hooting and jeering us, stoned it to death.

We obtained one pigeon which died in our hands. I wish those who murdered it could feel the anger and sorrow which we felt when a pigeon which walked confidently up to its murderer was shot and then picked while yet alive.

MANY of the shadows that cross our path through life are caused by our standing in our own light.

THE FLIGHT OF THE BIRDS.

O! wise little birds, how do you know
The way to go,
Southward and northward, to and fro?

Far up in the ether piped they:
"We but obey
One who calleth us far away."

"He calleth and calleth year by year,
Now there, now here;
Ever He maketh the way appear."

Dear little birds, He calleth me
Who calleth ye;
Would that I might as trusting be!
—Scribner's Monthly.

EXTREME CRUELTY TO A HORSE.—In the Municipal Court this morning a case of extreme cruelty to a horse was developed. On Thursday, a man named John E. Hern was driving a horse attached to a wagon loaded with lumber, through Albion Street. The street was quite muddy, and it was a stout pull for the animal. Upon reaching a slight up grade the horse refused to go further, and seemed to be exhausted. The testimony of the witnesses who saw the conduct of the man towards the beast, was in substance, that Hern first struck the horse on the head with the butt of his whip-stock, eight or ten times. The horse still refusing to move, the man resorted to another expedient. He took a rope, and placing it around the horse's body, like a girth, he affixed a stick to the rope and twisted it so tight that the rope broke—and even under this extraordinary and inhuman method to start the animal, it did not have the desired effect. The man then next grabbed the horse by his nostrils, and tried to pull him along, and failing in this he at last adjusted a noose around the horse's tongue and pulled on it until the blood began to flow, when the fellow desisted making any further cruel efforts to start the poor animal. By this time quite a number of persons had collected, and taking pity on the outraged animal, and bestowing anathemas upon the driver, they put their shoulders to the wheel and moved the team on to level grade. Hern was fined \$15 and costs for his conduct.—Boston Traveller, April 2.

We seldom publish these painful cases of cruelty, out of regard to the feelings of the people; but it is necessary now and then to show that there is still need of active work in Massachusetts.

A VESSEL'S CREW SAVED BY A DOG.

The brig "Emma," from Liverpool, was lost one stormy night last winter, near St. John's, Newfoundland. A heavy swell setting into the night, the vessel became unmanageable, and finally went on shore. The cook, an Italian, jumped overboard with the intention of saving the crew by means of a rope attached to his person, but the surf on the shore cost the noble fellow his life. The captain and crew succeeded in getting on shore, the vessel parting shortly afterwards. Here we must record one of those instances of sagacity peculiar to the dog, which are much oftener read of than witnessed so near home. A fisherman, of the name of Mayo, living near the scene of the wreck, with two sons, was aroused from sleep by the barking and scratching of their dog outside the door, and supposing some person was lurking around the premises, they got up, when the movements of the animal attracted their attention, and they followed him to the edge of a precipice, some 70 feet high, at the foot of which the captain and his men had landed. This circumstance saved their lives, for the surf was beating so furiously around them that it was found necessary to haul them up with ropes.—English Paper.

"AS IN AGRICULTURE, he that can produce the greatest crop is not the best farmer, but he that can effect it with the least expense; so in society, he is not the best member who can bring about the most good, but he that can accomplish it with the least admixture of concomitant ill.—For let no man presume to think that he can devise any plan of extensive good, unalloyed and unadulterated with evil. This is the prerogative of the Godhead alone."

OUR THIRTY-NINE ARTICLES OF FAITH.

We believe it to be our duty,—
To Stop

1. The beating of animals.
2. Overloading.
3. Overdriving.
4. Underfeeding.
5. Driving galled and disabled horses.
6. Tying calves and sheep's legs.
7. Cruelties on railroad stock trains.
8. Overloading horse-cars.
9. Neglect of shelter of animals.
10. Plucking live fowls.
11. Dog fights.
12. Vivisection without anesthetics.
13. The use of tight check-reins.
14. Bleeding calves.
15. Clipping dogs' ears and tails.
16. Bagging cows.

To Introduce

17. Better roads and pavements.
18. Better methods of slaughtering.
19. Better methods of horseshoeing.
20. Improved cattle cars.
21. Drinking fountains.
22. Better laws in every State.
23. Our paper in Sabbath Schools and among children.

To Induce

24. Children to be humane.
25. Teachers to teach kindness to animals.
26. Clergymen to preach it.
27. Authors to write it.
28. Editors to keep it before the people.
29. Drivers and trainers of horses to try kindness.
30. Owners of animals to feed regularly.
31. People to protect insectivorous birds.
32. Boys not to molest birds' nests.
33. Men to take better care of stock.
34. Everybody not to sell their old family horses to owners of tip-carts.
35. People of other States to form societies.
36. Men to give money to forward the cause.
37. Ladies to interest themselves in the work.
38. People to appreciate the intelligence and virtues of animals.
39. And generally to make men, women and children better, because more humane.

LIKE CHILD, LIKE MAN.

It is told of Henry IV. of France, that he twice whipped his son, Louis XIII., with his own hand,—the first time because he had taken such a dislike to a gentleman that his servile attendants could only appease him by pretending to shoot, with a pistol without ball, the object of his aversion; the second time for crushing the head of a sparrow. Though the just punishment he had received was small in comparison with the unjust punishment he had inflicted, his mother objected to this discipline of her son. "Pray to God," replied Henry, "that I may live, for when I am gone he will ill-treat you." The experience of the king had taught him that cruelty seldom knows any distinctions, and that he who begins by crushing the heads of sparrows in sport, would end by directing his venom against the mother that bore him. The prediction was verified to the letter.—Quarterly Review.

THE Germans are not especially fond of the pet cats which many of the French fugitives have left behind them. However, they give them food. But of the singing birds, which they often find abandoned in the dwellings which their owners have hurriedly left, they take the greatest care. In a tent belonging to a field watch near Paris, there is a cage containing two turtle doves, upon which is this notice: "Please give us fresh water twice a day."

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.—Untimely or unreasonable whipping, angry or boisterous words are always out of place—always do more harm than good. The dumbest animal appreciates kindness. The most celebrated horse-tamer in this country is said to have made these words his motto: "Firmness and kindness;" and he never failed of success.

THE mayor of St. Joseph, Mo., gave permission to a citizen to kill two dogs which annoyed him, and the next morning the mayor found two of his own dogs dead, with his own warrant of permission for their killing pinned on their bodies. Though he hasn't exactly got the hydrophobia, that mayor is mad.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE SECRETARY for the year ending March 28, 1871.

The experience of our third year has given us reason for congratulation. We find a growing interest in favor of our cause, less opposition to the execution of the law, no effort, as in New York, to repeal or weaken it, and less disposition to ridicule our efforts. Our purpose to prevent cruelty is often better gained by persuasion than prosecution, and to educate and convince a man that kindness is the best policy, is better than to compel him to pay a fine. Public sentiment is a better educator than the courts; hence our effort is to keep up the tone of the former, using the latter often enough to keep alive a healthy fear of the law.

Massachusetts does not require the same policy in enforcing law or humane sentiments as some of our sister States; hence our action has been less marked and has attracted less public notice than some others; but we are not willing to confess that its work has been less effectual nor that any other course would have been better in this community.

Our prosecutions for the year have been as follows:

For beating horses with whips, clubs and stones,	29
driving disabled horses,	17
overdriving,	16
driving to death,	3
abandoning, kicking and failing to shelter,	6
beating cows and cruelty to cattle,	6
kicking, scalding and poisoning dogs,	3
cruelty to sheep, goats, calves, cock and rat fights, etc.,	6

86

Convicted, 67; pending, 3; amount of fines imposed, \$895.

It would have been easy to have doubled the number of these cases, if that had been, in the end, the most effectual course. And if we named the cases where cruelty has been prevented, the list would cover many thousands. Our agents in country towns advise us that the knowledge that such an officer exists, with an occasional reminder, has effected a great change in the practices of the people, partly by being converted, partly by being convicted, but more through fear of the agent and the law. So that while there is less cruelty to prevent, there is still a need of the society and its agents.

The "epitome of our work" lately published in our paper, shows much that is done that does not appear on record.

PROGRESS OF THE CAUSE.

There are now twenty-one kindred societies in the United States, and two in Canada, located as follows:—(See list of officers in another column)

New York.	Chicago, Illinois.
Albany.	St. Paul, Minnesota.
Fishkill.	St. Louis, Mo.
Buffalo.	San Francisco, Cal.
" Women's branch.	Petaluma, California.
Philadelphia.	Piqua, Ohio.
" Women's Br.	Bangor, Maine.
Baltimore.	Providence, R. I.
Waterford, Virginia.	Boston.
Washington, D. C.	Montreal.
Davenport, Iowa.	Quebec.
Detroit, Michigan.	

Some progress has been made in Tennessee, Ohio, Kentucky and Mississippi, and within a few days at Pittsburg, Pa.

We fear that some of these societies are doing but little work, partly from want of means and partly for want of earnest workers.

In New Hampshire, a law has been enacted but no society formed. In Vermont, our friends have made an effort at two sessions of the legislature, but have been met by the statement that there is no need of a law in that State. In answer to which we report repeated cases of terrible cruelty there. Connecticut has done nothing. New Jersey has within a few days enacted a law similar to that of New York.

The day is coming, we trust, when every State will have a good law, and an efficient society with branches or agents in every county and town, which shall be generously sustained by the sympathy and the purses of the people.

TRANSPORTATION OF STOCK.

In our last report we were able to say that by our efforts a great improvement had been made in this State and many of the evils abolished. But it was desirable that a law like ours should cover all the roads in the United States. For that purpose the matter was introduced into Congress by Senator Sumner early last year. The matter was also referred to the committee on Agriculture on the part of the House, and at the request of the chairman of that committee we forwarded a bill, drawn by Judge Bigelow, one of our directors, which, in substance, was reported to the House. But it was not reached till January last. Constitutional objections were raised by some members, but it was ably defended on the ground that Congress has the right to regulate "commerce between the States," and after a full discussion it passed the House by a large majority.

As it was represented to us that efforts would be made to defeat the bill in the Senate, we immediately wrote to all kindred societies and friends of the cause in other States to influence their senators to favor the measure. And your Secretary, under instruction of the directors, appeared before the Senate committee, February 1st, to endeavor to secure favorable action, upon the bill, which up to that time they had not considered. A majority of the committee were convinced of the necessity of the law and agreed to report the bill, which they did soon after. Several attempts were made to secure action, but objection being raised it took its place on the calendar and remained among the mass of "unfinished business" at the close of the session.

However, publicity has been given the matter throughout the country, and we may feel confident that the law will be enacted at the next session.

A copy of the bill as it passed the House appears on page 92.

The Massachusetts Railroad Commissioners called attention to the subject of cattle transportation in their report to the legislature of 1871, from which we published extracts in our February paper.

Following this report we petitioned the legislature to memorialize Congress as above, submitting a form of memorial to the Committee on Federal Relations to whom our petition was referred.

The necessity of such a law we endeavored to show

both to the State and congressional committees, by presenting the economic, sanitary and humane considerations.

It appears that cattle lose an average of 200 pounds each in transportation from the West to market. To corroborate this by a special case, it has been ascertained that Brigham Young's cattle lost an average of 210 pounds last November in their passage from Utah to Chicago.

Our investigation shows that between 200 and 500 car-loads of cattle arrive weekly at Albany, averaging from 16 to 24 animals each. To approximate the result of this loss let us estimate a weekly arrival of 300 cars with 20 cattle each, which shows a loss of 1,200,000 pounds, which at 10 cents per pound is \$120,000 per week, or \$6,000,000 per annum; but to allow a wide margin for errors and exaggerations let us call it \$3,000,000 per annum on cattle arriving at Albany alone, saying nothing of 100 car-loads weekly of hogs and sheep. Add to this the arrivals at all other points, and we see an astounding result, not appreciated by the people, nor even by parties interested. This sum would go far towards paying all the extra cost of delay in unloading and reloading cattle for rest and refreshment, or of providing compartment cars in which they could have proper food and rest.

When the sanitary considerations have been properly presented by our State Board of Health or other like organizations, and people understand the diseased condition of the cattle after the many days of suffering for want of food, water and rest, added to the excitement necessarily incident to transportation by rail, and the bruising and beating to which they are subjected, then the people will demand a remedy, if in the mean time the interests of the drovers shall not have forced the corporations to adopt it. The humane considerations are so clearly suggested by the foregoing, and have been so frequently presented that we need not enlarge upon them here.

HORSE CARS

continue to be overloaded, but we have been unable to see a case where we could *prove injury* to the horses. However confident the witnesses may be that the horses are strained and suffer (of which we have no doubt), the testimony of the driver, conductor, hostlers and superintendent of stable, that the same horses were worked the next and subsequent days, without lameness or sickness, would prevent conviction. We can only wonder that the interest if not the humanity of the corporations does not prompt a relief. They have been induced to place extra horses at steep grades, and we must do them the justice to say that seldom by night or day do we see galled or lame horses on the cars, and if found they are promptly removed on notice. Nor do we find that they are beaten or kicked as formerly. So far let us be thankful.

After snow-storms we are glad to say that they "double up," and we have had no occasion to imitate the Napoleonic courage of our New York co-worker, (which the whole country admired), in detaining the cars till additional horses were supplied.

But in what we have said it must not be understood that we shall not prosecute if we find a case which we believe the courts will sustain.

A proposition is before the legislature requiring horse railroad companies to provide a seat for every passenger, which originates in a sympathy for bipeds. We have asked to be heard in behalf of quadrupeds.

As a step in the right direction we notice that the Third Avenue Street Railroad Company, New York propose to run palace cars, at extra fare, providing a seat for every passenger and limiting the number to thirty.

BLEEDING CALVES.

Through our efforts we think this practice has been nearly abandoned in this State for the last two years, but we fear, that this spring there is an attempt to renew it, and have directed our agents throughout the State, to enter prosecutions whenever proof can be obtained. While adjoining States practise it and send white veal to market the temptation to our butchers is very strong.

But for this the people are responsible. If the men and women of our State, would demand red veal and refuse to buy white, the self-interest of the butchers in and out of the State would abolish the practice at once. We can only wonder that the women of the land in their province of providing for their tables, do not pronounce their "*ipse dixit*," "red veal or none." They surely would do so, if they realized the suffering of calves, bled for five days in succession, till they are so weak they cannot stand or even bleat, having been taken from the mother before they had learned to drink, and thus faint from loss of blood and want of food, the little life remaining is taken away, and our market stalls and our tables are "ornamented" with white veal. Is it strange that veal is pronounced indigestible? Is it not more strange that every morsel tasted does not carry with it the memory of the faintness, sickness and lingering death of the poor animal which supplies it?

RAT-PITS.

It has been a source of congratulation that Massachusetts did not sustain any of these "places of amusement." A few weeks ago, however, one was extemporized, and an exhibition was attended, as the papers said, by three hundred gentlemen of Boston. We arrested the proprietor, who pleaded guilty and was subjected to a small fine, not enough to prevent a repetition if desired, but the prosecution may have suggested to the respectable patrons of the "sport" that they were encouraging an unlawful amusement.

PIGEON-SHOOTING MATCHES.

These may be called a "practice" in a double sense, for they are defended on the ground that by them gunners become more skilful. A representative of one of our shooting clubs defended the custom in our paper of January last, and claimed that there was little cruelty attendant upon them. Another writer in our February number, graphically described the result of one of these matches, which showed how widely at variance, sometimes, are theory and practice, and was painfully suggestive that the innocence of the dove does not always excite the mercy of some men.

BEQUESTS.

It is a cheering circumstance that our cause is beginning to be recognized as among those to be remembered in testamentary provisions. We have reason to hope that our society is thus remembered

in many as yet unopened documents. Thus far but one has seen the light, that of Mrs. Copenhagen of Boston, reported unofficially last week to have left us \$300.

The New York society has been the recipient lately of the entire property of Louis Bonard, said to amount to \$100,000. This humble man, having no relatives to provide for, graciously made the whole animal family his legatees, for although the New York society are his special almoners, the influence and example of such a bequest will be felt the world over. We congratulate our sister society for its own sake and for the sake of the cause, for we know how much good will be done with this bequest. We are not envious, and are willing to bide our time, and heartily wish that our friends may "live long and prosper."

THE PULPIT.

We are compelled to confess a disappointment that the American pulpit has thus far seldom spoken for our cause. In a few instances only have we been advised of sermons devoted to inculcating man's duty to that class of God's creatures, far more numerous, and as far as we know just as truly the objects of his love and mercy as the human race. Certain may we be that lessons from the pulpit inculcating kindness and condemning cruelty to them will promote humane feelings towards the beings who, we are taught, are specially made in His image. It has never appeared why the pulpit has not taken advantage of this opportunity to teach an effectual lesson.

S. MORRIS WALN.

The cause has lost during the last few months one of its most valued friends, S. Morris Waln, Esq., president of the Pennsylvania society and honorary member of our society,—one who had given more money to the cause than any other man in the United States. We paid due tribute to him in our February paper, and we feel that the example of his life was a valuable legacy to us all.

MR. ANGELL.

At the date of our last report our president was in Europe engaged in earnest work for our cause. He returned in July, and has spent most of the time since at Chicago in organizing and setting in operation "The Illinois Humane Society," a kindred organization. We trust hereafter to have his constant and valuable aid in Massachusetts.

OUR PAPER.

"Our Dumb Animals," of which we publish 10,000 copies monthly, is not yet self-supporting, but as it is the only organ of the cause in this country we feel it ought to be sustained. It seems to be acceptable to parties most interested and to the public generally; also to the press, for whom we try to make it a text-book; and they use it as such. We receive several hundred exchange papers monthly from all parts of the country. We furnish our paper free to legislatures, school conventions, Christian associations, libraries, courts, police offices and to kindred societies. If each of these latter would procure for us one hundred subscribers our paper would no longer be a draft upon the treasury. If friends of Sunday schools would introduce it therein the same result would be obtained. We think we have a right to ask this.

FINANCES.

The treasurer's report shows nothing in his hands with a small unexpended balance in the hands of the Secretary. To reach this condition we have used the advance payment of members and subscribers to the paper, so that we may be said to have an indebtedness to these of several hundred dollars. Our directors have voted to hold a fair about December 1, and Horticultural Hall has been engaged for that purpose. The ladies seem to take an interest in this enterprise, as they do in everything connected with our work, and as soon as the French fair is over we propose to invite the ladies throughout the State to organize work for us. We have no doubt of its success, and that a large sum can be raised. But, in the meantime, we shall be destitute unless especial and immediate efforts are made to replenish the treasury.

LECTURES AND CANVASSING.

Loring Moody, Esq., has been engaged since January 1st in lecturing and canvassing for the society, and has delivered addresses in Salem and Worcester, assisted by Rev. W. R. Alger, and in Lawrence, Waltham, Middleborough, Taunton, Concord, Quincy, Athol and Medford with "home talent." The result has so far been an increased public interest, but has added but little to the treasury; but these districts will be more thoroughly canvassed for funds hereafter.

OTHER SUBJECTS.

There are a great variety of other subjects that we might present in this report, but it will be borne in mind that, unlike other societies, we are making a monthly report in our paper, and there is less need of a discussion of these subjects here.

We are indebted to the press for kind notices, to the police of Boston and elsewhere, and to the State constabulary and to our agents for valuable assistance.

The directors have voted to hold a public meeting in Boston during Anniversary Week to increase the public interest throughout the State.

CONCLUSION.

It is often said "that animals cannot speak for themselves," which is true if we add "in our language." They can and do understand our words directed to them, and their own language directed to each other. And there is their mute appeal to us, that ought to be more expressive than words, for it is only an appeal and cannot irritate. If we had a better appreciation of their messages and pleading looks directed to us, we should be more thoughtful and more merciful.

If it be said that we cannot understand their appeals, let it be asked, Suppose they refused to listen to ours, seeming not to understand, and instead of willingly exerting their power for us should direct it against us? We should soon learn how dependent we are upon their forbearance and their devotion, and they have a right to depend upon us for protection and kindness. When we think of their fidelity, gratitude and love, which forgets or forgives our abuse and neglect of them; of their knowledge, which we call instinct, but which is often superior to ours, and of their many attractive qualities, our love of justice alone ought to induce us to increase our efforts in the cause in which we are engaged.

Children's Department.

The accompanying cut is from the series of children's books, published by S. W. Partridge & Co, London, and sold by Lee & Shepard of this city. The cut was published in contrast to the Butcher's Dog, which will appear in our next paper. There seems to be the same difference in the culture and taste of dogs as of men and women; and like men and women they are very likely to be influenced by the habits of those about them.

[For Our Dumb Animals]

Tiger the Peace-Maker.

I wish to tell the young readers of this little paper of a dog I once owned. His name was "Tiger," and a real tiger he was in his way. I had at the time three little boys. Other boys would come to see them and like other naughty boys, would get angry and sometimes try to hurt each other, but Tiger would always stop the fight. He was a real peace-maker, I tell you. I had a dairy of cows and if there was any fighting among them, Tiger was always on hand to separate the combatants.

Sometimes strange cows would break in among mine, Tiger was always the first to find it out and would "take the responsibility," of setting things to rights. Once he saw me driving some crows off my corn-field and afterwards he always took that field in charge and the crows got no more corn there. I could write this paper twice full in his praise.

L. R.

The Imprisoned Robin.

A little girl had a robin brought to her which had been caught in a trap.

"Robins never live in prison," her sister said; but the little girl shook her head.

"My robin will be so happy, that he will be obliged to live. I am going to put him in the pretty cage up-stairs, and I shall give him bread and milk, and worms, and bird-seed, and sugar, and set him in the sunshine."

She put the bird in the cage, but it took no notice of the tempting food; it only beat its breast against the gilded wires, and puffed out its soft little feathers till it looked double its real size.

"Oh," said the little girl, "he'll soon get used to it," and she went to bed.

Next morning she visited her robin. She could scarcely believe he was the same bright-eyed bird she had thought so pretty yesterday; his black eyes were closed, his feathers disordered and broken, and when she went up to his cage the poor little creature beat his breast against the bars as if he were trying to set his heart free.

"Let him out," said the sister, "or he will die. Do open his door."

The little girl shook her head obstinately. She could not give up her bird.

"That would be a pity; he has spent a day

THE HIGH LIFE DOG.



in the cage, so he must have got half used to it. By this time to-morrow he will be all right; he will be quite used to it. Good-by, Bobby; I shall not come again till you have grown well and happy again."

Next morning the little girl came again. There was no fluttering sound against the wires, and for a moment she felt quite delighted.

Robin sat quietly on the perch, but he looked more puffed out than ever.

"Bobby, Bobby," she said; but Bobby did not answer; he cared nothing now for the cage or for her presence—he was dying. His little heart had broken at last, and he was free. That was the way he got quite used to his prison.—*Hearth and Home.*

Soldier's Dog.

After the battle of Fredericksburg, it fell to my duty to search a given district for any dead or wounded soldiers there might be left, and to bring relief. Near an old brick dwelling I discovered a soldier in gray who seemed to be dead. Lying by his side was a noble dog, with his head flat upon his master's neck. As I approached, the dog raised his eyes to me good-naturedly, and began wagging his tail; but he did not change his position. The fact that the animal

did not growl, that he did not move, but more than all, the intelligent joyful expression of his face, convinced me that the man was only wounded, which proved to be the case. A bullet had pierced his throat, and faint from the loss of blood, he had fallen down where he lay. His dog had actually stopped the bleeding from the wound by laying his head across it! Whether this was casual or not, I cannot say. But the shaggy coat of the faithful creature was completely matted with his master's blood.—*Corr. Merry's Museum.*

Pussy's Appeal.

I am a very old pussy,
My name is Tabitha Jane;
I have had about fifty kittens,
So I think I mustn't complain.

Yet I've had my full share of cat troubles,
I was run over once by a cart;
And they drowned seventeen of my babies, [heart,
Which came near breaking my

I was tied by some boys in a meal-bag,
And pelted and pounded with stones; [jelly,
They thought I was mashed to a But it didn't break one of my bones.

For cats that have good constitutions, [man;
Have eight more lives than a Which proves that we are better than humans,
To my mind if anything can.

But I've failed to fulfil all my duties;
I have passed half my life in a dream;
And I never devoured the canary,
And I never lapped half enough cream.

But I've been a pretty good mouser,
Oh! the rats and the mice I have caught!
And have brought up my frolicsome kittens
As a dutiful mother-cat ought.

Now I think I've a right, being aged,
To take an old tabby's repose;
To have a good breakfast and dinner,
And sit by the fire and doze.

The Bird's Lesson to Nelly.

"The merriest life in the world lead we
As we sing in our happy way,
Or sit on our nest in the dear plum-tree,
At the close of a summer's day.

There's never a shadow of pain or care,
And we are as light and free,
As the little girl with the flaxen hair,
Who comes our nest to see."

And they talked again of the beautiful world
The earth, the sky, and the air,
Of the silvery brook where they went to drink,
And the flowers so rich and rare.

And Nelly sat neath the old plum-tree,
And thought of what she had heard,
And said, "I have learned a lesson to-day
From the talk of a little bird.

"I never more will fret and complain,
For I have a great deal more,
Than those tiny little twittering birds,
That I should be thankful for.

"And I will try and be kind and good,
And do as my parents say:
And then I know like those merry birds
I'll be happy every day."

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

RECOLLECTIONS OF MY HORSE "PUNCH."

He was not really handsome, but to my young eyes he was everything that was beautiful and lovable, except that he was bob-tailed. Even then I railed against a barbarous fashion, which I am happy to say has now gone out. With such an open, kindly countenance and such expressive eyes, one could see why I loved him so dearly.

While still a colt, my father was riding him home from his farms over a rough road, when Punch stumbled, throwing him over his head, his feet remaining in the stirrups, so that my father was in imminent danger; but the horse understanding the situation, stood perfectly still until the leather was cut. My father was so delighted with Punch's behavior in this emergency, that he vowed he would keep him and treat him kindly as long as he lived.

When he was twenty years old, and I twelve, he came into my possession, I being in my first, he in his second childhood, and for four happy years my chief pleasures were associated with him. In summer I drove him before his cart for the new-mown grass from the lawn, I always barefooted, hair flying, hat tied to my waist for safe keeping, perfectly delighted to pile the grass into miniature loads of hay, for I was a thorough farmer's daughter. In the fall, Punch was used to bring in the apples. In winter, dressed with sleigh-bells of all sizes, and harnessed to his snow-plough, he would break the paths through the snow-drifts, for I would have been miserable had the stables been inaccessible, as it was in them my interests lay. I begged very hard to have a box stall made for him, in order to keep him to myself, and after the delay of a year I was delighted by the building of a structure which made up in solid comfort for its lack of architectural beauty, and contained everything necessary for a respectable old horse and his housekeeper. Without a qualm of conscience I "appropriated" carrots and feed for his evening meal, for I considered corn and hay too coarse for such a horse!

Punch had frequent attacks of indigestion, which required the combined skill of Richard, the coachman, and myself to "pull him through." His medicine was spirits, very ardent, pepper and mustard and hot water. Poor horse! he was actually maligne by his supposed friends, who declared he "played possum with me to get his dose."

I once went away for a day, not knowing that he was sick. On my return I was told that he had walked to the front door and stood some time waiting and looking into the dining-room for me; for being such a pet, he was allowed in the fall to roam loose about the place. I was ill myself the next day and not able to go to him, and the following morning they told me he was dead.

I felt at the time that if I had been home I might have saved him, as the medicine was given by others too late; but he was "full of years," and could not have lived long.

But I love his memory tenderly as I loved him living. I never go near his stall or his favorite haunts without thinking of my old friend and companion, and without a feeling of sadness.

Punch instilled into my heart an intense love of horses, and taught me also to respect all dumb animals, to bear with their weaknesses and faults; silently accomplishing a mission, which has resulted in my becoming a hearty worker in the "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals." G. V.

FISHKILL ON HUDSON, N. Y.

SIR HENRY WYAT, during the "Wars of the Roses," was imprisoned in the Tower. A cat came to his dungeon, where he was nearly starved, and finding her way to his cell, brought him a pigeon from day to day, which he prevailed upon his keeper to dress for him. He loved her tenderly, and believed her sent from God. After his release he kept her in his palace, and always in his portraits was taken with his favorite cat beside him.

He who does his best, however little it may be, is always to be distinguished from him who does nothing.

TIM BUNKER ON CARDING CATTLE.

I hold that all our bovine animals carry a clean bill of rights to carding in their tongues, and the best card is the one that comes nearest to the original, which is moderately sharp, fine and flexible. I wish you would get up a revolution, and put on a strong editorial team to advocate the divine right of our domestic animals to be kept tolerable clean and comfortable. It will pay to use the card and brush every day. They have an organization very like our own, and the skin is all the time throwing off dead matter, which lodges under the hair, unless some pains be taken to get rid of it. If left free, you will see them using their tongues upon every part of their body that is accessible, and getting help from their neighbors for those parts they cannot reach. They will rub their necks and backs against posts, and fences, and trees, to start this dead matter and clean their skins. In the summer they will wade into the streams, and stand for hours in the running water, to keep themselves clean as well as cool. There is no mistaking these acts. They show the instinct of cleanliness just as clearly as the comb and brush and wash-basin show it in man. Now, when we take these creatures into our care, and confine them in stalls and stables, we come under some obligation to treat them according to their natures. We have no right to torment them by withholding what they so strongly crave. They want food and drink, and the means of cleanliness and comfort, and they are generally profitable to us just as we provide liberally for their wants. Just look at Jake Frink's stables. There is not a curry-comb or brush in them, and has not been for a dozen years. He says he "never touched a keerd to his cows." Is it any wonder that his neglected oxen get so weak that he has to hire his ploughing done in the spring, and his horse dreads the sight of crows? There is a great deal more need for a society to prevent cruelty to brutes in the country than in the city. There are many more of the brutes, and the men who torment them with slow torture do not have all their neighbors looking at them, nor a policeman to step in and regulate their abuse. I hold that a man is demoralized by the abuse or neglect of his cattle. The farmer that will neglect his oxen from the beginning to the end of winter, without any effort to bed them or clean them, makes himself brutish, no matter how he stands in church or State. He can't fail to grow hard toward his fellows, as well as toward his cattle. But there is a right as well as a wrong way of keeping your cattle clean, as there is in doing other things. Some of the cards and curry-combs are fit only to scrape the hide of a rhinoceros. I have tried pretty much everything in the market, and have come to the conclusion that there is as much difference in cards and curry-combs as in other things. Here is a card with the teeth set into the wood, as stiff as so many shingle nails. Put this into Patrick's hand, and upon the back of a thin-skinned and nervous horse, and it is a terrible instrument of torture. No wonder he shrinks from Pat's approach, and learns to kick and bite. He is in a proper school to become vicious. Here is a curry-comb, cut out of a brass plate, with sharp saw teeth, and as unyielding as a saw. Think of such a tool going over bones not too thickly covered with flesh! Is it at all strange that there is a chronic state of bad feeling between Pat and the poor brute, that is literally harrowed every day under the mistaken notion of cleaning? The old-fashioned wool card, with small brass teeth, inserted in leather, had some flexibility when carefully handled, answered a good purpose, but was rather too stiff. The card with an India-rubber back, fitted to the hand by a strap, is the latest and best invention in this line. It adapts itself perfectly under the hand to all the little inequalities of the skin, and gives gentle friction without tearing. With a good brush, nothing better is needed. It certainly promotes peace between man and beast, and makes the daily cleaning a luxury, instead of a torment. My animals come around me for their regular cleaning, with as much interest as they come for their fodder. They thrive well under this treatment, and though it takes considerable time, I doubt if it could be spent more to their profit or mine.—Correspondent Agriculturist.

Stable and Farm.

HOW TO TREAT CHOKING CATTLE.—A Pennsylvania correspondent of the "Country Gentleman" says with regard to choked cattle, that he once killed a valuable Devon ox by trying to punch an apple down his throat with a whip stock, rupturing the pipe by the operation.

He suggests a better method as follows:

Put a rope around the horns and draw the head up to a tree or some suitable high place; hold the mouth open, fill it with water from a suitable vessel, close immediately the mouth and nostrils, and hold firmly till the animal struggles; then take the hand suddenly from the nose and mouth, and the concussion of air will move the object.

ROUND OR WHOLE SHOES FOR OXEN.—When an ox has a bad claw by calking, or one claw gets lamed by sprain, gravel or stone bruises, take two of his common shoes, properly fitted, and weld them together at the toes; put on a toe calk, as on a horse shoe; let the claws of the foot touch at the toes; nail on your shoes, and go to work with your oxen. All will be right in a day or two. Shoes thus set will last as long as two or three settings of single shoes, when at work on a stone quarry or other very rough place.

Brother teamster, don't let the blacksmiths frighten you on this subject.—N. E. Farmer.

MOVABLE or adjustable horse shoes have become a fixed fact, and a company in Chicopee, Massachusetts, are engaged in their manufacture. This shoe can be taken off at night, or when the horse is not at work, and put on again when wanted, as easily as a pair of boots.

TREATMENT OF SICK ANIMALS.—Throughout the whole length and breadth of the land our poor dumb brutes, condemned to suffer from diseases generally brought about by our own carelessness or neglect, are obliged to bear the still greater suffering of the barbarous treatment of those who know almost nothing of the organization of their bodies. Warm clothing and thorough grooming will usually do the work of the blister, and do it much better. In all cases of strains, bruises and wounds, water is an almost sovereign remedy.—Amer. Agriculturist.

CHECK REIN.—The "check rein" should have been entombed with other instruments of torture long years ago; but still it lives, and men are found all over our land so bereft of common humanity as to apply it as rigorously as ever did Torquemada the thumb-screw or the iron bedstead. Among the inventions for the torture of animals there is none more deserving of censure than the check rein.—Quincy (Mich.) Times.

SYSTEM IN "CHORES."—Regularity in feeding farm stock is very essential. Have a fixed time to feed and water each day, and be punctual. In this way much restlessness on the part of the animals may be avoided, and quiet contentment result in greater gain and thrift.

The writer is acquainted with a farmer who was heard to say, "John, I did not water the steers today," and, after a little hesitation, added, "nor yesterday either."

If the farmer would have his "chores" systematized, he would not forget this duty any more than he would forget to wind his watch at bed-time.

The Savannah folk are having a pleasurable excitement with an "educated hog." He reads, ciphers, plays cards, and pantomimically converses. They call him "Wicked Ben."

ONE hundred and twenty-five hogs, says the Covington (Ky.) Journal, were smothered to death on a freight train on the Kentucky Central Railroad, which arrived there recently.

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Patrons.—His Excellency, Lord Lisgar, Governor-General, Dominion of Canada; His Excellency Sir N. F. Belleau, Lieut.-Gov., Province of Quebec; Rt. Rev. J. W. Williams, D. D., Lord Bishop Diocese of Quebec; the Hon. P. J. O. Chauveau, M. P., Premier, Province of Quebec.
Superintendent.—James Burgess.

MONTREAL SOCIETY.

ORGANIZED 1869.

President.—William Workman.
Committee.—Hon. Thomas Ryan; A. M. Delisle; W. Sacke; Alfred La Rocque; G. W. Weaver; F. P. Pominville, Q. C.; Jas. Ferrier, Jr.; John Crawford; Wm. Rodden; L. A. Boyer; Chas. Alexander; James Hutton; A. C. Hooper; Andrew Allan; Alex. Urquhart; Dr. Bernard; R. Moat; J. H. Joseph; Peter Redpath; Hon. L. H. Holton; E. A. Prentice; W. Markland Molson; Hon. J. C. Abbott; G. A. Drummond; E. Carter, Q. C.; H. Bulmer; W. H. Kerr; J. D. Crawford; James Johnston.
Executive Committee.—Geo. W. Weaver; Robert Moat; Chas. Alexander; A. La Rocque; S. J. Lyman.
Secretary-Treasurer.—F. Mackenzie.
Honorary Solicitor.—W. H. Kerr.
Veterinary Surgeon.—D. McEachran, M. R. C. V. S., &c.
Inspector.—Arthur Galey.

CALIFORNIA SOCIETY.

OFFICE AT SAN FRANCISCO.

Secretary.—W. P. Scott.

PELALUMA, CALIFORNIA.

No list of officers received.

BOYS SOCIETY AT PIQUA, OHIO.

ORGANIZED 1871.

President.—Charles M. Sawyer.
Vice President.—Robert S. Mitchell.
Treasurer.—E. F. Sawyer.
Secretary.—W. D. Jones.

MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY.

Organized 1868.

GEORGE T. ANGELL, *President.*

Vice Presidents.

His Excellency, William Claflin,	Newton.
Ex-Governor A. H. Bullock,	Worcester.
Hon. Secretary O. Warner,	Northampton.
His Honor William Gaston,	Boston.
Ex-Mayor N. B. Shurtleff,	"
Rt. Rev. Jno. J. Williams,	"
Rt. Rev. M. Eastburn,	"
George B. Emerson, LL. D.,	"
Dr. George C. Shattuck,	"
Robert M. Mason, Esq.,	"
Patrick Donahoe, Esq.,	"
James P. Thordike, Esq.,	"
Dr. Samuel G. Howe,	"
Hon. Albert J. Wright,	"
Dr. Henry G. Clark,	"
C. Allen Browne, Esq.,	"
John D. Philbrick, Esq.,	"
J. Ingersoll Bowditch, Esq.,	"
William Gray, Esq.,	"
Charles L. Flint, Esq.,	"
Edward Wigglesworth, Esq.,	"
Charles Lyman, Esq.,	"
Hon. Marshall P. Wilder,	Dorchester Dist.
Dr. W. C. B. Fildell,	"
Franklin King, Esq.,	West Roxbury.
Edward N. Perkins, Esq.,	"
Quincy A. Shaw, Esq.,	Brookline.
James M. Cudman, Esq.,	"
Col. Theodore Lyman,	Jamaica Plain.
Dr. George Faulkner,	Hyde Park.
Henry Grew, Esq.,	Newton.
Hon. Leverett Saltonstall,	"
E. F. Waters, Esq.,	Newtonville.
George Burdick, Esq.,	Brighton.
L. Baldwin,	Cambridge.
Hon. C. H. Saunders,	"
Hon. E. B. Welch,	Charlestown.
James Lee, Jr., Esq.,	"
Hon. T. T. Sawyer,	Chelsea.
Hon. R. S. Frost,	Somerville.
Columbus Tyler, Esq.,	Arlington.
Charles O. Gage, Esq.,	Waltham.
Jona B. Bright, Esq.,	Dedham.
Hon. John W. Thomas,	Milton.
Robert B. Forbes, Jr., Esq.,	Medfield.
Rev. Charles C. Sewall,	Walpole.
Hon. Francis W. Bird,	Yarmouth.
Hon. Charles F. Swift,	Dennis.
Hon. Marshall S. Underwood,	Edgartown.
Richard L. Pease, Esq.,	Plymouth.
Hon. E. C. Sherman,	Taunton.
Hon. Daniel L. Mitchell,	New Bedford.
Hon. Robert C. Pitman,	"
Hon. James B. Congdon,	Fall River.
Hon. John S. Brayton,	"
Dr. Nathan Durfee,	South Abington.
Hon. W. L. Rice,	Lynn.
Hon. Edward S. Davis,	"
Hon. John B. Alley,	Salem.
Hon. George F. Choate,	"
James A. Gillis, Esq.,	Beverly.
Hon. John I. Baker,	Peabody.
Richard S. Rogers, Esq.,	Danvers.
Charles P. Preston, Esq.,	"
Francis Peabody, Esq.,	Newburyport.
Hon. Eben F. Stone,	Gloucester.
Theron J. Dale, Esq.,	"
Samuel E. Sawyer, Esq.,	Lowell.
Charles Kimball, Esq.,	Billerica.
Dr. John W. Graves,	Lawrence.
Hon. Thomas Talbot,	Fitchburg.
Hon. William H. P. Wright,	"
Hon. Alvah Crocker,	South Lancaster.
George E. Towne, Esq.,	Worcester.
Hon. Francis B. Fay,	Upton.
Col. Wm. S. Lincoln,	Southborough.
Hon. Valorus Taft,	Milford.
Joseph Burnett, Esq.,	Framingham.
Hon. Aaron C. Mayhew,	"
Hon. C. C. Esty,	Concord.
Moses Ellis, Esq.,	Williamstown.
Ralph Waldo Emerson, Esq.,	Pittsfield.
Hon. Henry L. Sabin,	"
Hon. Ensign H. Kellogg,	Lee.
Hon. Thomas Colt,	Sheffield.
Hon. William Taylor,	Lenox.
Alex. Hyde, Esq.,	Stockbridge.
Graham A. Root, Esq.,	Great Barrington.
Hon. Henry W. Bishop,	Greenfield.
John Winthrop, Esq.,	Charlemont.
David Leavitt, Esq.,	Athol.
Hon. William B. Washburn,	Eastampton.
Hon. R. H. Leavitt,	Westfield.
Hon. Charles Field,	Springfield.
Hon. Samuel Williston,	Holyoke.
Hon. E. B. Gillett,	Chicopee.
Hon. Daniel L. Harris,	"
Hon. W. B. C. Pearsons,	"
Hon. George S. Taylor,	"

Directors.

George T. Angell,	William G. Weld.
Russell Sturgis, Jr.,	Mrs. William Appleton.
George Tyler Bigelow,	Joseph B. Glover.
W. W. Morland,	Henry H. Peters.
D. D. Slade,	John J. May.
George Noyes,	Henry S. Russell.
Thomas Conery,	Samuel Hammond.
Franklin Evans,	Frank B. Fay.

Henry Saltonstall, *Treasurer.* | Frank B. Fay, *Secretary.*

Charles A. Currier, *Special Agent.*

CONSTITUTION OF THE SOCIETY.

Article 1st. The title of this Society is "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals."

Article 2d. Its object shall be to provide effective means for the prevention of cruelty to animals throughout this Commonwealth and elsewhere.

Article 3d. There shall be nothing in its management, or publications, to interfere with its receiving the full support of all good men and women of all parties and churches whatsoever.

Article 4th. The Society shall consist of Active Life Members, Associate Life Members, Active Members, Associate Members, Honorary Members, and Patrons.

Article 5th. Any person may become an Active Life Member of this Society, by paying to the Society one hundred dollars, an Associate Life Member by paying fifty dollars, an Active Member by paying ten dollars per annum, an Associate Member by paying five dollars per annum, an Honorary Member by being elected as such, and a Patron by paying to the Society any sum not less than one dollar.

Article 6th. Active Life Members shall be entitled to all the privileges of the Society. Associate Life Members, to all its privileges except voting. Active Members, to all its privileges during the year terminating one week before the annual election of Directors; and Associate Members, to all its privileges during the same time, except that of voting. Honorary Members shall be entitled to all its privileges during the time of their membership, and Patrons shall have their names enrolled on its records and in its next annual report, after their becoming such.

Article 7th. The officers of this Society shall be a President, who shall be also actually, or *ex officio*, a member of the Board of Directors, Vice-Presidents, a Secretary, Treasurer, sixteen Directors and such other officers as the Directors may from time to time elect or appoint.

Article 8th. The sixteen Directors shall be elected by the Society, at its annual meeting, and shall hold office, except as hereinafter set forth, until their successors are elected.

Article 9th. All other officers shall be elected or appointed by the Board of Directors, and shall hold office until their successors have been elected or appointed, unless removed by the Board.

Article 10th. The Directors shall elect or appoint, from their own number, or otherwise, all officers of the Society heretofore named, and such others as they may deem proper, and shall specify the duties of said officers; and they may at any time remove the same, and elect or appoint others: they may fill vacancies in their own number; they may enact by-laws for themselves and the Society, make and establish all rules and orders for the government of the Society and its officers, and for the transaction of its business; remit the annual or other dues of any member of the Society, and by a two-thirds vote remove from their own body any member thereof, and from the Society any member thereof, when, in their judgment, the best interests of the Society shall require the same; and generally they shall, during their term of office, have the full and complete management, control and disposal of all the affairs, property and funds of the Society, with full power for the purposes for which it was incorporated, to do all matters and things which the Society could do, but and except that they shall receive no pay whatever for any services rendered as such Directors, and they shall not incur, on account of the Society, any debt beyond the funds which shall be actually in the Treasury during their term of office.

Article 11th. The annual meeting of the Society shall be the last Tuesday in March of each year, and other meetings of the Society may be called at any time by the President upon the written request of four Directors by giving three days' notice thereof in two daily newspapers published in the city of Boston.

Article 12th. No alteration of this Constitution shall be made except upon motion in writing made at a meeting of the Society, entered on the minutes with the name of the member making it and adopted at a subsequent meeting by a vote of two-thirds of the members present.

[For "Our Dumb Animals."]

THE POWER OF KINDNESS.

Amongst the many thrillingly cruel sights in large cities, that meet the eye, and chill the hearts of those who feel interested for creatures who cannot speak for themselves, none is more painful than the severity with which draught horses are treated by wicked, cruel, and sometimes ignorant and thoughtless drivers. They are beaten, whipped, and oftentimes pierced with a knife, simply because they have no power to move the heavy load imposed upon them. Bystanders crowd around, but unless the society's agent happens to be on the spot not one raises his voice or finger to aid the helpless creature.

"Yet once more mutely and meekly endureth he the crushing blow;
That struggle has cracked his heart-strings, the generous brute is dead."

Standing out in bold relief from this dark picture, may be seen on any day in Philadelphia passing along one the northern thoroughfares, the beautiful horses attached to teams belonging to the breweries in the vicinity; so well cared for and fed, that it seems almost impossible that they belong to the same race of creatures that pass them in the street cars or other vehicles of transportation. Each team is provided with a teamster whose horses seem to be his constant thought. Two of these have on account of their kindness especially attracted the attention of the writer; hence this article is written, hoping it may induce others to follow their example.

Andrew Rudolph and Charles Philippy may be seen early every morning walking beside their properly loaded team, to which they seem unwilling to add their own weight. On the seats are to be seen two valuable dogs. The intelligence of these noble creatures brought out by love and kindness is truly remarkable, and the manner and gestures with which they express their anxiety for their masters on the sidewalk can be hardly understood in a creature without reason. They sit on their hind feet firmly notwithstanding the jostling of the vehicle, beckoning with their fore ones accompanied by a barking wail indicative of distress. In return they are told it is safer for them to ride; for those beautiful creatures could not touch the ground without the liability of having a noose thrown around their necks by the dog-catcher and be dragged to the place of death.* After the team is unloaded the driver takes his seat and all along the way the dogs can be seen putting their fore paws around the neck kissing them like a child.

Such is the power of kindness. It is the power by which the Almighty governs his rational creatures, and it is by this power alone that man can properly govern the so-called irrational.

Such men are worthy of the best situations and the best wages, for experience teaches us that those who are most faithful to animals committed to their care, are most faithful to their employers. K.

—Philadelphia.

*The Women's Branch of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals have, after laborious efforts succeeded in obtaining the consent of the City Council to take the killing of the captured dogs under their charge, and it is now done as mercifully as possible; but they have no other power and are obliged by law to take them from January to January.

A CASE FOR THE HUMANE SOCIETY.—An aggravated case of cruelty to animals occurred yesterday, on North Wells street. A commission merchant, doing business on Kinzie street, had a horse in his stable that gave every promise of departing this life. A young horse doctor agreed to cure the animal if it was placed in his care, and in his own barn. A dray was procured to carry the horse to the horse hospital. So far, all was right and proper. But not only was the poor animal not lifted on the dray in a proper way, being dragged on it by the tail, but its head and neck were allowed to hang over the back of the dray and drag along the ground, so that the eyes of the wretched animal seemed to be starting from their sockets,—while a crowd of jeering boys followed in the rear. The owner of the horse having, it is said, given directions that the animal should be carried in this way, was arrested, but was let out on bail.—*Chicago Times.*

LOVE AND HATE.

Once, on the errands of his mercy bent,
Buddha, the holy and benevolent,
Met a fell monster, huge and fierce of look,
Whose awful voice the hills and forests shook.
"O, son of peace!" the giant cried, "thy fate
Is sealed at last, and love shall yield to hate."
The unarmed Buddha looking, with no trace
Of fear or anger, in the monster's face,
With pity said: "Poor fiend, even thou I love."
Lo! as he spake the sky-tall terror sank
To hand-breadth size; the huge abhorrence shrank
Into the form and fashion of a dove;
And where the thunder of its rage was heard,
Brooding above him sweetly sang the bird;
"Hate hath no harm for Love," so ran the song;
"And peace unweaponed conquers every wrong!"
Whittier.

OUR NATIONAL LAW.

The following is a copy of the bill as it passed the House of Representatives, but remained among the "unfinished business" of the Senate at the adjournment.

AN ACT to prevent Cruelty to Animals while in transit by Railroad or other means of Transportation within the United States.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That no railroad company within the United States whose road forms any part of a line of road over which cattle, sheep, swine or other animals shall be conveyed from one State to another, or the owners or masters of steam, sailing, or other vessels carrying or transporting cattle, sheep, swine or other animals from one State to another, shall confine the same in cars, boats, or vessels of any description for a longer period than twenty-eight consecutive hours without unloading the same for rest, water, and feeding, for a period of at least five consecutive hours, unless prevented from so unloading by storm or other accidental causes. In estimating such confinement the time during which the animals have been confined without such rest on connecting roads from which they are received shall be included, it being the intent of this act to prohibit their continuous confinement beyond the period of twenty-eight hours except upon contingencies hereinbefore stated. Animals so unloaded shall be properly fed and watered during such rest by the owner or person having the custody thereof, or in case of his default in so doing, then by the railroad company or owners or masters of boats or vessels transporting the same at the expense of said owner or person in custody thereof; and said company, owners, or masters shall in such cases have a lien upon such animals for food, care, and custody furnished, and shall not be liable for any detention of such animals authorized by this act. Any company, owner or custodian of such animals who shall fail to comply with the provisions of this act shall, for each and every such offence, be liable for and forfeit and pay a penalty of not less than one hundred nor more than five hundred dollars: *provided, however,* that when animals shall be carried in cars, boats, or other vessels in which they can and do have proper food, water, space, and opportunity for rest, the foregoing provisions in regard to their being unloaded shall not apply.

SECT. 2. *And be it further enacted,* That the penalty created by the first section of this act shall be recovered by indictment in the circuit or district court of the United States holden within the district where the offence may have been committed; and it shall be the duty of all United States marshals, their deputies and subordinates, to prosecute all violations of this act which shall come to their notice or knowledge.

SECT. 3. *And be it further enacted,* That any person or corporation entitled to lien under the first section of this act may enforce the same by a petition filed in the district court of the United States holden within the district where the food, care, and custody shall have been furnished, or the owner or custodian of the property resides; and said court shall have power to issue all suitable process for the enforcement of such lien by sale or otherwise, and to compel the payment of all costs, charges, and expenses of the proceedings.

Passed the House of Representatives January 17, 1871.

RAT BURNING.

At the Recorder's Court this morning, a special case of cruelty to a rat was called.

Inspector Gailey of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, stated he saw in the "Star" of Saturday last an article headed, "Where are you Gailey?" which requested his attention to a case which had occurred on St. Urbain Street. The result was that two young men, brothers, John and Robert Bow, were arrested yesterday.

Mr. James Ridley stated that between 8 and 9 on Saturday morning last, he heard sounds of great merriment in the yard adjoining his house, went out and saw the defendant John with a wire rat-trap in his hand containing a live rat which was all of a blaze, as was also the bottom wires of the cage. The poor wretch must have suffered agonies as it leapt and tumbled about, and the prisoner, Robert, danced around in great glee. The trap became too hot to hold, and it was dropped upon the ground. He remonstrated with the prisoners, and was met with foul abuse. One of them said, "You cannot prove we put coal oil on the rat." Subsequently the cage and rat were put into water.

A gentleman testified to seeing the rat in flames.

His Honor in giving judgment said he only knew of one case as having occurred in this city which could compare with the present, and that was of a brute in human form who had drowned a rat in boiling water!

He alluded to the inhumanity of the conduct of the prisoners in terms of withering contempt, and, but for the rigid rules of the court, there would have been thunders of applause when he pronounced sentence on each of the defendants, \$10 and costs and two months.

The by-law makes it imperative to state "and two months," but it is not likely the term will be enforced.

Mr. Ridley, who first reported the case, and his witnesses, deserve thanks for taking up the case and carrying it through.—*Montreal Star.*

CHICKEN DISPUTES.

This is the Western phrase for cock-fights, one of which was recently described in the "Chicago Tribune." We quote only so much as speaks of the witnesses, in which the reporter makes a *nice distinction*.

"Tolleston, Indiana, on the day of the recent dog-fight, was invaded by a large party of men, the majority of whom, socially, would have been considered unfit companions for honest men. The party that invaded Tolleston yesterday was of a very different character indeed. The first crowd went to glut a brutal taste for witnessing brutal exhibitions. The latter party went to visit brutal exhibitions to make (and many to lose) money. Some went for sport, and without doubt found it, for a cock-fight, though a cruel and inexcusable pitting of innocent birds against one another, does possess attractions to the lovers of excitement.

"The party that left Chicago warily on the early trains was composed of some very respectable and well-behaved men, who, as far as their manners and appearance went, would have passed unnoticed in a drawing-room, and, probably, in a more intellectual sphere of operations. . . . The rest of the party might be termed 'very miscellaneous,' because it was very difficult to know precisely of what it consisted. But, as it was, individually and collectively, strictly sober, and hardly swore at all, and behaved with a decorum and regard for the general welfare that could not have been excelled in very much more assuming society, it may be inferred that it was by many degrees removed from that condition of original sin which takes the form of boisterous language, filthy conversation, or appeal to fists and revolvers for the settlement of the most trifling disagreement. In these respects it was indeed very superior to the gathering at the dog-fight above alluded to."

[In Massachusetts we should say in both cases the greater brutes were outside the ring.]

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